

**The dance. [Santa Barbara, Calif.] Unicorn Press, 1967.**

**THE DANCE**

*for George Hitchcock*

The red armchair is empty. The man who sat there is turning in the room, holding in his hands a painted jungle.

The faces of his audience, at first like flowers pale from lack of sunlight, begin to darken and put on the look of watchers in a clearing.

No sound but a furtive scratching, and the slow steps turning against smoke and silence, as the dance gathers everything into a haunted forest...

From the bark of those trees sprout flowers like drops of blood, and birds' heads of a threatening blue.

JOHN HAINES